

Ronin

Story: Ronin

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Content: Chapter 1 to 1 of 1 chapters

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Summary: Isaac has recently become a Ronin, a disowned Samurai. In an attempt to find himself, he stumbles into the town of Imil and uncovers his duty. [Prologue up.]

***Chapter 1*: Ronin**

{ **ronin** }
by Wusai

author's notes. My god! Can I? May I? Mudshipping?! Well, it's more of a Mia » Isaac... *looks around hesitantly* Well, I suppose I'm trying to see if I can write a... 'mainstream'...

implied. Mia » Isaac.

the soundtrack. Kagrra – Oumaga Toki

{ **prologue** }

Ronin. The word was whispered throughout the confines of his mind, reminding him of his painful situation.

Ronin, his mind said. *Ronin*, his mind mocked. He pulled his cape closer, trying to shield himself from the cold.

Gazing into the frozen river, he was somewhat surprised that his reflection didn't show on the frosty surface.

Sighing, he dropped himself to the ground, gazing up through the canopy of pine needles. The occasional

rustle caused by birds displaced snow from the tree branches, some falling around him, some falling on him.

Small pools of sunlight streaming through gaps in the canopy illuminated the forest, giving it an earthly glow.

He wanted to die, yet whenever he tried to bring the blade closer to himself in an attempt to commit ritual suicide, he couldn't do it. The pain and the death didn't scare him—he knew that all Samurais had short lives devoted to their duties. But every time he turned the

blade away, he felt a further stab of guilt, knowing that he was ignoring the traditions.

You're a Ronin now.

Yet he still had the honor of a Samurai. The only motivation he had to stay alive was the thought, the nagging feeling, that his duties were not over. With that thought constantly rising in his mind, he couldn't die.

He *had* died, though. Maybe not physically, but to some extent mentally. He'd felt the feeling of death when his Master... no, his *former* Master... had uttered softly that he'd been disowned. His kind always remained their dead. He pondered for a while, trying to find a name that suited him, yet disguised him. Almost instantly, he knew what he would call himself.

"Isaac," he murmured. He said the name easily, almost as though he'd had it his whole life. "I will be called Isaac. No... I *am* Isaac."

With that, he stood, brushed some snow off himself, and set off to the northeast, letting his conscience walk him to his next life.

{ **/prologue** }

Appreciates: Constructive criticism, praise over three lines long, flames with a point, pointless praise, and pointless flames. In that order.

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